

The Historie of

some liking, I shall be out of heart shortly, & then I shall haue no strength to repent. And I haue not forgotten what the inside of a Church is made of, I am a Pepper corne, a brewers horse, the inside of a Church. Company, villanous company hath bene the spoyle of me.

*Bar.* *Sir Iohn*, you are so fretfull, you cannot liue long.

*Fal.* Why there is it, come, sing me a bawdy Song, make me merry: I was as veruouusly giuen, as a Gentleman need to bee, veruouus enough, swore little, did not aboute seauen times a weeke, went to Bawdy house not aboute once in a quarter of an houre, paid money that I borrowed there or foure times, liued well, and in good compasse: and now I liue out of all order, out of compasse.

*Bar.* Why, you are so fatte, *Sir Iohn*, that you must needes be out of all compasse: out of all reasonable compasse, *Sir Iohn*.

*Fal.* Doe thou amend thy face, & Ile amend my life: thou art our Admirall, thou bearest the Lanterne in the Poope, but 'tis in the Nose of thee, thou art the King of the burning lampe.

*Bar.* Why *Sir Iohn*, my face does you no harme.

*Fal.* No, Ile be sworne, I make as good vse of it, as many a man doth of a Deaths head, or a *memento mori*. I neuer see thy face but I thinke vpon hell fire, and *Dines* that liued in Purple: for there he is in his Robes burning, burning. If thou wert any way giue to vertue, I would sweare by thy face: my oath should be, *By this fire, that's Gods Angel*: But thou art altogether giue ouer, and wert indeede. but for the light in thy face, the Sunne of viter darkenesse. VVhen thou runst vp *Gads-hill* in the night, to catch my Horse, if I did not thinke that thou hadst been an *Ignis fatuus*, or a bal of wild-fire there's no purchase in Money. O thou art a perpetuall Tryumph, and euermassing Bone-fire-light, thou hast saued me at thousand Markes in Linkes and Torches, walking with thee in the night betwixt *Tauerne* & *Tauerne*: But the Sacke that thou hast drunke me, would haue bought me Lights as good cheape, as the dearest Chandelers in *Europe*. I haue maintained that Salamander of yours, with fire, any time this two and thirtie yeares: God reward me for it.

*Bar.* Zlound, I would my face were in your belly.

*Fal.* Godamercy, so should I be sure to be heart-burnd.

How

Henry the Fourth.

How now, dame *Partlet* the Hen, haue you enquired yet who pickt my Pocket?

*Enter host.*

*Host.* Why *Sir Iohn*, what do you thinke, *Sir Iohn*? do you thinke I keepe theeues in my house, I haue searcht, I haue enquired, so haz my husband, man by man, boy by boy, seruant by seruant: the right of a haire was neuer lost in my house before.

*Fal.* Yelie Hostesse, *Bardol* was shau'd, and lost many a haire: and Ile besworne my Pocket was pickt: goeto, you are a woman, goe.

*Host.* Who I? I defie thee: Gods light, I was neuer cald so in mine owne house before.

*Fal.* Goeto, I know you well enough.

*Host.* No, *Sir Iohn*, you doe not know me, *Sir Iohn*; I know you *Sir Iohn*, you oweme money *Sir Iohn*, & now you picke a quarrell to beguile me of it: I bought you a dozen of Shirtes to your backe.

*Fal.* Doulas, filthy Doulas: I haue giuen them away to Bakers wiues, they haue made Boulters of them.

*Host.* Now as I am a true woman, Holand of viij. s. an ell: you owe money heere besides, *Sir Iohn*, for your diet, and by drinkings, and mony lent you, xxiiij. pound.

*Fal.* He had his part of it, let him pay.

*Host.* He! alas he is poore, he hath nothing.

*Fal.* How; poore? looke vpon his face: What call you rich? let them coine his Nose, let them coine his cheekes, Ile not pay a denyer: what, will you make a younker of me? shall I not take mine ease in mine Inne, but I shall haue my pocket pickt? I haue lost a seale Ring of my Grandfathers worth fortie marke.

*Host.* O Iesu, I haue heard the *Prince* tell him, I know not how oft, that that Ring was Copper.

*Fal.* How? the *Prince* is a lacke, a sneak-cup: Zblound and hee were here, I would cudgel him like a Dog, if he would say so.

*Enter the Prince marching, and Falstaffe meets him*

*Playing on his Trunchion like a Fife.*

*Fal.* How now Lad, is the wind in that dooreyfaith, Must we all march?

*Bar.* Yea, two and two; Newgate fashion.

*Host.* My Lord, I pray you heare me.

G. 3

Prim.

